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either for themselves or children, should not fail to examine the goods in this department before purchasing.

### We Cannot Mention All the Lines of Goods We are now Offering, but Would Simply Invite All to Come and Examine Them!

#### Hor the Children.

"A BOY'S WILL IS THE WIND'S WILL." BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

Old farmer John on the door-yard gate, Leaned heavily and long; While the winds from over the western hill,

Bore on their wings a song. The voice was full of a boyish glee, And wild was the merry tune ; And the breeze was heavy as it could be, With the odorous scents of June.

But farmer John was only wroth, With the boy, and song, and breeze;
As he watched the shadows along the wood, Creep out from among the trees.

"It is time the critters were home" he said In a voice that was harsh and shrill, "I sent him for 'em an hour ago!" Ah, a boy's is the wind's own will

"A boy's will is the wind's will" Let him sing while his heart is free;
For his thoughts will be long, long thoughts, I trov In the years that are yet to be.

Bartley the Bear.

["Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone. "I have eaten my first and last dinner at the same table with that boy."

"And yet," continued Mrs. Stone, after a pause, "I need not speak so positively, for who would suppose that I should ever have dined with him at Judge Har-

"I presume he was included in the invitation to his father and mother," said

Mrs. Hope.
"No; Mrs. Harrington told me herself he was most particularly not invited (she never can remember that I am related to the family), but Mrs. McDonald brought him because, as she said, he had set his heart on coming. He likes to play with little Oscar Harrington, because Oscar is his soup was brought he stared at it striped clout as that flying in the faces of awhile, and then refused it. 'I don't take His Majesty's forces!" that kind of soup,' said he to the waiter; and, turning to me, he added that he didn't like vermicelli soup, because it looked to him as if it were made of 'wor-

"But you ought to take it, whether you like it or not," said I, in an undertone. "'I don't go for oughts in such little foolish matters,' returned he. 'I'd rather have dry bread than vermicelli soup, any When fish was brought he con-

formed me that it hardly paid to eat fish, there were so many bones in it.
"'Take your time,' said I, 'and the bones won't do you any harm.

descended to take that, though he in-

"But he proceeded to eat as if there were only ' five minutes for refreshments,' and, in consequence, he was choked directly. His mother was dreadfully alarmed, but after making some hideous noises, he managed to get rid of the bone. When turkey was brought he stared at it and remarked that he didn't like dark meat. Give that to somebody else,' said he, and give me mine all breast.

"'Suppose every one said that?' suggested I

"'I don't care what other people say,' returned he. 'All I know is that when I returned he. 'All I know is that when I want a thing I generally manage to get it. What funny people they are,' continued he in a loud whisper, 'to have apple jelly with their turkey. Cranberry sauce is ever so much better.'

Before him filed the departing troops of his king, evacuating the pleasant little city they had occupied for over seven years. But Cunningham, the provost-marshal, who was still angered by the sauce is ever so much better. " Nevertheless he helped himself to an

immense quantity of jelly, spilling ever so much on the tablecloth as he did so. "'There! see what you have done, said I. 'Be more careful another time.'

"'I don't care! I ain't the washerwoman here,' returned he, grinning. " At any rate, keep your elbow out of

"'The table ain't long enough,' observed he. "'The table is plenty long enough,' re-

turned I, 'but there is one too many on " He made no reply to this, but soon afterwards he spattered my new silk dress with gravy, and I verily believe he did it

on purpose.
"Beef a la mode,' said he, as he was

helped to that. 'I don't like it if there is much onion about it.'

"I want no money for the job," said a young sailor-lad as he tried it manfully the said as he tr

time?" exclaimed Mrs. Hope.
"He, unfortunately, was not presenthad been kept away by business. McDonald said, 'Bartley, I don't think beef a la mode is good for you. You had better eat something else."

"This decided Bartley to eat beef a la mode, onions or no onions " Bartley,' said I, 'don't you think you had better set up as a juggler. You would

make such a good knife swallower.' "I know what you mean, returned he, but I think it is all foolishness to pre-

"I let him alone after this, for though

attention of the whole company. When the dessert was put on 1 thought my troubles were ended, for instead of eating his nuts and raisins, Bartley merely stuffed them by handfuls into his pockets. But after supplying himself in this way, and giving one or two prolonged yawns, he remarked that he would make some music for the company, and accordingly began to amuse himself by running his forefinger around the rim of his fingerbowl, keeping it up until the noise be-came so intolerable that Mrs. Harrington herself was obliged to tell him she thought the company had had music enough. I had the dyspepsia for a week afterwards, in consequence of eating while in a state of such discomfort, and yet that boy's mother actually proposed to me yesterday, for the second time, to go to her house to board."

"Perhaps she wants you there to regu-late Bartley," suggested Lucy Hope. "That she doesn't! She informed me once, after I had suggested to Bartley to take his hat off when he came into the parlor, that when her son seemed to need instruction of that kind, she should prefer giving it to him herself. I replied that I a word, and that Mr. McDonald had requested me to speak to his son just as I would to a child of my own. Then I went on to say that I believed half the boorishness that people had to suffer from in the world, was owing not so much to natural depravity as to want of teaching."
"What did she say to that," asked

"She said 'Humph!'" replied Mrs. Work.

#### One Hundred Years Ago.

It was the 25th of November, 1783-s brilliant day, that an excited crowd surged and shouted about Mr. Day's tavern so much younger than bimself that he can make him do as he pleases. But he wouldn't eat at the second table with Oscar and Maggie. Oh, no! he was too big a man for that, so Mrs. McDonald said, and so ha was consided in battagen his transfer of that with the distribution of the flag-pole, from which floated and so ha was consided in battagen his transfer of the flag-pole, from which floated and so he was crowded in between his the stars and stripes, the flig of the new mother and myself, and in consequence of republic. "Come, you rebel cur," he said his elbows, and his general misbehavior, to Mr. Day, "I give you two minutes to Wasting Weskness, and all those diseases of a person I scarcely knew what I was eating. When haul down that rag-I'll have no such

> "There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly. Cunning-ham turned to his guard.

"Arrest that man," he ordered. "And as for this thing here, I'll haul it down myself," and, seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag. The crowd broke out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. But, in the midst of the tumult, the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, armed with her trusty broom

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came thwack! thwack! upon his powdered wig. Old men still lived, not twenty years ago, who were boys in that excited crowd, and remembered how the powder flew from the stiff white wig, and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost mar-shal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom.

Sir Guy Carleton, K. C. B., commander-in-chief of all His Maj-sty's forces in the colonies, stood at the foot of the flag-staff on the northern bastion of Fort George. thought of his discomfiture at Day's tavern, declared roundly that no rebel flag should go up that staff in sight of King George's men. "Come, lively now, you blue jackets," he shouted, turning to some of the sailors from the fleet, "Unreeve the halyards, quick; slush down the pole; knock off the stepping-cleats! Then let them run up their rag if they can." His orders were quickly obeyed, and the marshal left the now liberated city. In a few moments. Colonel Leckeep haling few moments, Colonel Jackson, halting before the flag-staff, ordered up the stars and stripes.

"The kalyards are cut, colonel," reported the color-sergeant; "the cleats are gone, and the pole is slushed."

"A mean trick, indeed," exclaimed the indignant colonel. "A gold jacobus to him who will climb the staff and reeve

once, twice, thrice, and each time came slipping down covered with slush and shame. "I'll fix 'em yet," he said. "If ye'll but saw me up some cleats, I'll run that flag to the top in spite of all the tories from 'Sopus to Sandy Hook !"

Ready hands came to the assistance of the plucky lad. Then, tying the halyards around his waist, and filling his jacket-pockets with cleats and nails, he worked his way up the flag-pole, nailing and climbing as he went. And now he reaches the top, now tend that forks are better to eat with | the halyards are rove, and as the beautithan knives. Anybody that's tried 'em ful flag goes fluttering up the staff, a both knows better than that.' thirteen guns salutes the stars and stripes I spoke in an undertone, he answered and the brave sailor-boy who did the gal-aloud, and I did not care to attract the lant deed.—St. Nicholas for November.

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Organized in 1852. - - Assets, gold, \$10,000,000. La Confiance Insurance Co.

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OF HARTFORD, Organized in 1850. - - Assets, \$1,500,000. Travelers' Insurance Comp'y OF HARTFORD, Paid-up Capital, \$600,000. Assets, \$4,955,990.42. Secure a General Accident Policy for a specified sum to be paid in case of death by accident, or a weekly indemnity if the injury wholly disables the insured from his employment. It will be written for one or more mostles or a year, as may be desired, and the cost is so low as to place a comfortable insurance within the reach of almost every man whose time and labor are of any value to him and his family. One is sixteen of the insured have received cash payments under their accident policies.

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TEA

It has the only perfect AUTOMATIC BOBBIN WINDER ever made, winding every To lay my heart At the singer's feet And, while I wait I hear the latch

Of the garden gate A shadow darkens On the girl's bright hair.

Dumorsome.

LEFT

A summer evening-

A low, square room, One half moon-lighted

And haif in gloom

From out the stillness

A giri's voice floats And charms my soul

With its and, sweet note

A sudden silence-A startled cry-And they are happy !

#### But where am 17 Saved at the Brink.

"Myrtle!" "Reginald!" The girl, a tall, stately beauty, with a lissome form and a glorious coronal of hair (1) that fell in a golden shower over her Grecian (2) neck, threw herself passionately into his arms, and for an instant nothing was his arms, and for an instant nothing was heard save a sound as if somebody was trying to pump water out of a dry well. Regy had kissed her. Four years ago Myrtle Redingote and Reginald Never-sink had plighted their troth (3), and now they had met for the first time since that happy day which, seen through the dim vista of the months that had dragged their slow length so wearily along, seemed like a far distant star shining brightly and serene amid the borrid blackness of an Egyptian night. They had corresponded, of course, but even when love guides the pen and budding passion gives to the salivation of the postage stamp a glamour of romance that makes it seem almost like a kiss, there is ever a wistful yearn ing - a where are our boys to night (4) feeling that nothing save the actual pres-ence of the one for whom this love is felt can drive away (5). And then, when that loved one comes, when, standing close pressed in the strenuous grasp of him without whom life would be a starless blank (6), the tender words that have been read over and over again are spoken in rich, manly tones (7), the woman who has won this precious love is indeed happy. No care can come to her then, and the glad golden sunlight of a pure and holy affection drives away the black wraiths of disappointment and sorrow as the White Stockings fade before any other club. "Ah, darling," murmured Myrtle, putting away from her forehead fair and white as the cyclamen leaves in the woods that surrounded Brierton villa -the golden tresses that he loved so dearly The White machines are sold in Waterbury, Duxbury, Wattsfield, Moretown, Stowe, Bolton and Fayston by J. C. GRI4468. Waterbury, Vt. All letters of inquiry in regard to the White will receive prompt stention. A good assortment of machines constantly about the story of the story to fondle (8) "it seems such a long, long time since we have met, such an æm of hope deferred and dull, wearying longing that the mind grows sad with its very contemplation of the subject—a dismal epoch that we would fain blot forever from the pages of our lives (9). But now that you are with me again, now that I find myself once more within the shelter of your strong arms and feel your burning kisses (10) on my lips, all the world seems white with gladuess, and the future Gold, Silver and Nickel Watches, Diato hold nothing for me but sweet content-ment (11). All is bright and beautiful, and even the bitter sorrows of the past are Moss Bose and Gold Band French China Tea Sets and Thousands of other Useful and Ornamental Articles as illumined by the stars of joy (12)." "Yes, my precious one," said R-ginald, stooping PREMIUMS for the forming of TEA CLUBS. kiss the ruby-red lips that were uplifted to his (13) and pressing her still THE GREAT CHINA TEA COMPANY, more closely to his starboard ribs. "We shall both be very happy in the future—very, very happy." "Are you sure of this," she asks, "perfectly sure?" "So sure," he answered her, "that I would stake my whole existence (14) on what I have told you." In the gathering shadows who looks up into his face, and the years. and we will mail you our CLUB BOOK containing a PRICE LIST of our TEAS and COFFEES and a ...... she looks up into his face, and the yearning elequence of his eyes stire her heart with a strange tenderness. It was not such love as she felt for her father; it was no feeling that had ever touched her heart before. When she stood before him

> A LAW professor, desiring to illustrate the distinction between suppressio veri and suggestio falsi asked a student: "What rule of law applies when an auctioneer fails to declare that the horse he is selling is blind?" After a moment's hesitation the student answered: "Wny, suggestio false eye, sir!"

there was something of awe that held her

silent, a conviction that this man was of

a sublimer, grander mould than any who

had ever crossed her path. "And why shall we never know sorrow or pain?"

she asks, her pure young face lighted up with a sweet, trustful smile. "Because,"

he says in low, mellow tones, " I have con-

cluded not to get married."-Chicago

Tribune.

"Do you know, my dear," said a fond mother to her little son at an up-town table d' hote, "that the word menu means bill of fare in French?" "Oh, yes, mamma," was the mischievous reply

This house has lately been thoroughly re-paired and put in good shape for accomodation Gut This Out at Beturn to us with TEM out This Out at 75, A you'll get by shall be the will bring you in Most MONEY, in One Month, than anything clas in America. Absoluted or anything of the Month, the out of the Month, the out of the Month, the Month, the out of the Month, the Month,